

THE DEMOCRATIC PRESS.

Vol. 22, No. 26.

RAVENNA, O., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1890.

Whole No. 1120.

SECOND NATIONAL BANK, RAVENNA, OHIO.

Capital Paid Up, \$150,000

In United States Bonds

U. S. BONDS of all kinds bought and sold at current market rates.

D. C. COOLMAN, - - - Pres't
W. HOLCOMB, - - - Vice Pres't

First National Bank RAVENNA, OHIO.

N. D. CLARK, - - - Pres't
I. D. SEYMOUR, Vice Pres't

Capital paid in, - \$100,000.
Surplus Fund, - 20,000.

Subscriptions received for the United States Four per cent. Coupon and Registered Bonds, on which the INTEREST IS PAYABLE QUARTERLY IN COIN.

Coupon Bonds on hand for immediate delivery.

R. B. CARNAHAN, Cashier.

RAVENNA, MAR. 26, 1878.

Business Cards.

J. S. WEBB, JOHN PORTER, Garrettsville, O. Blackstone Block, Ravenna.

WEBB & PORTER, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.

1015 BLACKSTONE BLOCK, RAVENNA, O.

J. H. NICHOLS, Attorney at Law and Notary Public, Office in Public Office over Second National Bank, Ravenna, Ohio.

J. H. DUSSELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Counsel in English and German, Office over R. B. CARNAHAN'S, Blackstone Block, Ravenna, O.

J. H. PHELPS, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Office over R. B. CARNAHAN'S, Blackstone Block, Ravenna, O.

S. F. HANSELMAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office in Blackstone Block, Ravenna, O.

L. S. RIBBELL, GEO. F. DOUTT, SIDDALL & DOUTT, Attorneys at Law, Office in Phenix Block, Ravenna, O.

J. W. HOLCOMB, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office in Public Office over Second National Bank, Ravenna, Ohio.

HARRY L. BEATTY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, NOTARY PUBLIC, Office in Poe Block, over Van Ness' Grocery Store, Ravenna, Ohio.

E. Y. LACY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, NOTARY PUBLIC and Solicitor of Patents, Office with Democratic Press, Ravenna, O.

TO LOAN—Money to loan on Farm Property, WEBB & PORTER, Ravenna, O.

Cleveland & Pittsburgh R. R. Trains Depart from Ravenna Station as follows, Central Standard Time:

SCHEDULE TAKING EFFECT MAY 12, 1889

GOING EAST.

No. 112, Local, 12:30 p.m.

No. 28, Fast Line, 2:30 p.m.

No. 3, Alliance Accommodation, 4:30 p.m.

No. 4, Night Express, 6:30 p.m.

No. 5, Ravenna Accommodation, 8:30 p.m.

GOING WEST.

No. 4, Night Express, 3:30 a.m.

No. 3, Alliance Accommodation, 5:30 a.m.

No. 28, Fast Line, 7:30 a.m.

No. 112, Local, 9:30 a.m.

All trains connect at Yellow Creek for Wheeling and Baltimore.

The PITTSBURGH & WESTERN RY. CO.

LEAVE OF P. C. & R. R. S.

TIME TABLE.

Central Standard Time.

Taking Effect Nov. 21, 1889.

MAIN LINE.

WESTWARD.

No. 2, 12:04 p.m.

No. 8, 5:09 p.m.

EASTWARD.

No. 9, 6:14 a.m.

No. 11, 2:06 p.m.

Through Sleeping Car between Allegheny and Chicago on Nov. 8 and 9, daily.

THE ERIE.

TIME TABLE, July 28, 1889.

Central time, 28 minutes slower than Columbus time.

Trains depart from Ravenna as follows:

EASTWARD. Depart.

No. 88, Sundays excepted, 5:15 a.m.

No. 28, Accom. Ex. (daily) 10:17 p.m.

No. 19, N. Y. Albany & Boston Ex. (daily) 9:12 a.m.

No. 4, Accom. Ex. (Sundays) 4:47 p.m.

WESTWARD. Depart.

No. 5, Cl. St. Louis & Chicago Ex. 8:40 a.m.

No. 7, Cl. St. Louis & Chicago Ex. 12:32 p.m.

No. 19, Cl. St. Louis & Chicago Ex. 4:05 p.m.

No. 15, (Daily) 5:38 p.m.

No. 15, (Daily) 5:40 p.m.

Teachers' Examinations.

EXAMINATIONS will be held commencing at 9 o'clock a.m. and closing at 4 p.m. on the FIRST SATURDAY of each month; also, the THIRD SATURDAY in October, November, February and March.

The examination on the THIRD SATURDAY in February will be held at Garrettsville; that on the THIRD SATURDAY in March, at Kent. All others at the High School Building, Ravenna.

No certificate will be awarded.

By order of the Board.

1046 O. F. HAYMAKER, Clerk

FOR RENT—A modern Dwelling House, 39 Clinton Avenue—late residence of C. H. Smith. 10 rooms and bath; gas. Water up stairs and down. Apply to

D. C. or C. H. COOLMAN

"An Irishman"
Looking over a Physician's bill, said he had no objections to paying for the medicine, but the VISITS he would RETURN.
C Sugar 5 1-2 cts. per lb.
White C Sugar, 6 cts. per lb.

Risdon & Taylor.



THE GOODRICH BATH TUB!

FOR SALE

ONLY BY

STANFORD & WRIGHT, UNDERTAKERS,

AND DEALERS IN A FULL LINE OF

FURNITURE!

Of the Latest Styles and Patterns.

PITKIN BLOCK, - - - - RAVENNA, OHIO

When you want pure and reliable Medicines, go to Hart, the Druggist, Ravenna. He has the best assortment of Drug Sundries. Try him.



January, 1890.

SPECIAL DISCOUNT SALE!

OF FALL CLOTHING AND WINTER

OVERCOATS!

Men's, Youths', Boys' and Children's Suits!

AND

OVERCOATS!

Our Stock shows our Prices were right.

We now offer the Balance of our Winter Goods at Lower Figures than offered elsewhere.

P. FLATH,

Clothier and Merchant Tailor, No. 3, Phenix Block, RAVENNA, O.

YOU ARE INVITED

TO EXAMINE OUR STOCK OF PICTURES, MOUNTINGS, STATIONERY, FRAMES, EASELS, ARTISTS' MATERIALS, &c., whether you desire to purchase or not.

We carry the most complete lines of these goods in the County, and show many Novelties not found elsewhere. We will make our prices as low as any one, and oftentimes lower.

IT IS, PERHAPS, SUPERFLUOUS TO SAY WHAT EVERYBODY KNOWS, that we are producing—

THE ONLY FIRST CLASS PHOTOGRAPHIC WORK—IN THE COUNTY.

Call and see us.

J. H. OAKLEY.

NO. 4 OPERA BLOCK. RAVENNA, OHIO.

1890 JAN'Y 8 1890

A wife hunted up her husband after an absence of thirty years. The man was a weaver, but when he saw his wife loom up, he said he couldn't work that loom, and gave up.

CARPETS!

Now that the Holiday flutter is over, attention is naturally turned to substantial goods that make up the comfort and attractiveness of Home. Nothing in house furnishing is more essential than Serviceable and Artistic Floor Coverings. With this in view, we start out in 1890 with much the

Finest and Largest Stock of **CARPETS** Ever Shown in Ravenna.

With no spirit of mere boasting, we claim to have the Largest Stock and most commodious Carpet Room, with the exception of one exclusive Cleveland Carpet House, in Northern Ohio. We have just added

OVER 200 NEW PIECES!

Which, with former stock, enables you to select from over 400 pieces, in buying from us.

An acquaintance with the leading and reliable Carpet Houses, enables us to place our orders in full assurance that all the requirements of durability and high art will be met in our purchases, whereby we can confidently assert the merits of what we sell, whether in medium or high art values.

Perhaps in no other branch of trade is the purchaser so entirely dependent upon the judgment and honor of the seller, in obtaining what they desire in actual value and service, as in the Carpet trade. Shoddy weaves full many a web of deceit in the creations of the shuttle, which none but the practiced eye can detect.

Our 19 years business intercourse with the good people of Portage County, renders unnecessary other assurance of our purpose and ability to serve them "well and faithfully;" and with largely increased stock, we are confident in the prediction that 1890 will be a year of mutual and enhanced profit to ourselves and patrons.

We have all the latest figures in

MOQUETTES

VELVETS,

BODY BRUSSELS

TAPESTRY BRUSSELS

INGRAINS

CHAMPS.

STAIR CARPETS,

CHINA AND OFFICE MATTING,

LINOLEUM, and OIL CLOTHS.

Together with beautiful

SMYRNA RUGS,

ART SQUARES

AND MATS.

CURTAINS!

In Curtains, you will find some beautiful patterns from which to select, in Lace, Swiss Embroidered, and Madras from 25c up. Oil Shades, shading by the yard, together with all Curtain Fixtures.

All of which we shall be pleased to show to our friends, to whom we feel it an incumbent and pleasurable duty to extend our thanks for the liberal patronage they have bestowed upon us. We can but feel grateful that our efforts have been so highly appreciated, and in the future will do our utmost to deserve a continuance of the confidence and patronage we now enjoy.

Respectfully,

A. T. SMITH.

The Stationmaster of Lone Prairie.

[Union Pacific Railroad 1880.]

An empty bench, a sky of grayest evening.

A lone black shadowed silhouette.

Twelve yards of platform, and beyond them stretching.

Twelve miles of prairie glistening through the west.

North, south, east, west—the same dull gray persistence.

The faded vapors of a vanished train.

The narrowing rails that meet to pierce the distance.

Or break the columns of the far-off rain.

Naught but himself—nor form nor figure waking.

The long-hushed level and stark shining waste.

Nothing that moves to fill the vision aching.

Where the last shadow fled in sullen haste.

Nothing beyond. Ah, yes! From out the station.

A blending figure thrown against the sky.

Beckoning me with some wooden salutation.

Caught from the signals as the train flashed by.

Yielding me place beside him with dumb gesture.

Born of that reticence of sky and air.

Weakly, yet wrapped in that one vesture.

Of silence, sadness, and unspoken care.

Each following his own thought—around us, darkening.

The rain-washed boundaries and stretching track.

Each following those dim parallels and hearkening.

For long-lost voices that will not come back.

Until, unasked—I know not why (wherefore?)

He had, bit by bit, his dreary part.

Like gathered clouds that seemed to thicken.

Some dull down-dropping of their care at last.

From the stacked corn the Indian's painted face.

Heard the wolver's howl the wearying waste.

His father's hut from the last camping place.

"Nature had mocked him; thrice had claimed the reaping.

With scythe of fire of lands he once had sown.

Sent the tornado—round his heartstone heap.

Rafters, dead faces, that were like his own.

"Then came the war time. When its shadow beckoned.

He had, bit by bit, his dreary part.

Through swamp and fen—unknown, unpaired, unreckoned.

"Till the fever, and a prison bed; and the slow time passing.

Cast him, a wreck, beneath his native sky.

At this lone watch gave him the chance of certain.

Scant means to live—who won the right to die."

Until at last the spell of desolation.

When he turned, he saw the star and far-off cry.

The coming train! I glanced around the side.

All is as empty as the upper sky!

Naught but myself—nor form nor figure waking.

The long-hushed level and stark shining waste.

Naught but myself, that cry, and the dull of hasting.

"Now, then—look sharp! Eh, what? The stationmaster.

That's mine! We stopped here of our own accord.

The man got killed in that down-train disaster.

This time last evening. Right there! All aboard!"

—Bret Harte.

AN ACADIAN WEDDING

This tale should have been heard as I heard it in Nova Scotia. The woman of Scotch descent who told it to me had kept it in her mind since childhood.

Together we sat looking at Cape Blomidon, veiled, yet clear, against the northwestern horizon. From the church site of that ancient Acadian village Grand Pré like lands stretched toward the sea; and the tide was out, leaving a beach miles wide.

That beach was the scene of a wedding. No wonder the Acadians did of home-sickness for it. No wonder they crept back in groups and twos to Cape Blomidon and Shubenacadie, and spots not too remote from the sheltered basin of their fathers.

The English-speaking people now on their limbs kept every relic and tradition of them.

"I was brought up almost inside of old Fort Gaspareau," said this grave old woman. "You know it was built to guard the north side of the neck of Nova Scotia, as Fort Beauséjour was built to guard the south side.

"I never believed that the Indians who killed those five men were Micmacs. For the early French people and these Nova Scotian Indians were like brothers.

"The Micmacs are a gentle, artistic race. They never show great courage, they hate to work at hard physical labor—at least they would hate it if they ever attempted it. But they excel in weaving and in all sorts of feather work. I think they could easily make colors and paint pictures. Their beautiful dark eyes seem full of talent that never finds expression. They are a discouraged people, and never try to be anything.

"You cannot pin a Micmac down to any spot. His lodge is now here and now there. He will follow summer to the farthest borders of the country.

"A Micmac always makes himself look picturesque. And such dainty hands and feet—you should see the instep of a Micmac squaw! The men, even the halfbreeds—and so many of them are halfbreeds—do not slouch around the railway stations. They stand straight and erect, watching the white man's improvements as if the sorrow of such things was as much as they could bear, but they bear it stoically.

"And Acadians and Micmac Indians are always associated in my mind. Perhaps the impression was made on me when I was a child and went to an Acadian wedding in a settlement near Gaspareau.

An Acadian servant in our village took me, and on our way to the church this girl and I stopped at a circular wigwam at the edge of some woods. The Micmac Indian woman and her halfbreed son, Pierre, Pierre's father had been an Acadian farmer, but he was dead; and as soon as the French portion of the family was under ground the Micmac remainder took to roving again. Pierre and his mother were a spot of ground which they planted in the spring and reaped in autumn. Between whiles they took up their lodge and went fishing and hunting.

"This Acadian wedding was celebrated in the autumn. I thought Pierre and his mother had come back to gather what they could find on their own ground. Pierre had sat on the ramparts of Gaspareau, making arrows for my brothers. I felt kindly toward him and wanted him to know the news of the neighborhood. So I said:

"We are going to a wedding, Pierre. But our servant shook her head and stopped me.

"Pierre was dressed in a new scarlet blouse and leather breeches and moccasins. He had a round chin and his mouth was shut firmly. His eyes were not restless, but steady in their gaze. He looked at me all the time we were at the lodge without saying a word. I felt that he did not like the subject of

weddings. His mother's expression used to be mild and indifferent when she came to our kitchen door with baskets to sell. But she seemed to be angry at the fire under the kettle after I had been about the wedding in the Acadian settlement.

"We went on to the church and saw the wedding ceremony. It was the Catholic service. And everybody followed to the bride's house. I can remember the tide was out, and the beautiful sleek red clay basins shone like polished stone.

"The bride was a pretty, laughing girl with black eyes and round features. She wore a homespun skirt of that dull blue shade which harmonizes so well with outdoor lights and colors. It ought to have suited her, for she had dyed it herself. Above this was a white bodice, its full sleeves gathered to the shoulders with silver brooches. All the family accumulations of brooches came to the front at an Acadian wedding. They stood in rows, clapping and fastening her dress.

"The groom wore smooth-fitting soft boots on his beautiful arched feet. I do not remember his head or face at all. He was probably a stumpy good-natured Acadian. I remember only those dancing feet; and his blue trousers were made like a sailor's. They hung over his arched instep, waving and swaying as he sprang about. "There was some kind of ceremony with the bride and groom before the wedding, but I forgot what it was. There was a great deal of eating first, also. It was harvest-time and there was plenty. Our best apple farm does not lie around Gaspareau. But the tables were loaded and the priest was there, and I remember thinking everything good to eat and feeling thankful for the good father's presence, for he was certainly a restraint upon Pierre.

"Pierre did not come into the house at all, though the father and all the brothers of the bride went out and asked him. He stood outside a window, his hands in his pockets, and he looked at the bride and groom to sit and feast and have that halfbreed watching them.

"I heard in the house how badly Pierre had wanted the bride himself, and pitied him, and wondered why she preferred a pair of dancing, trim-shod feet to a big dark-eyed fellow with such a look on his face. It seems she had liked Pierre when his father was alive and he had stayed at home like any other Acadian; but, being a sensible girl, she had turned her back on him instead of only half, she bestowed her linen chest on a man who would not need to eat or drink, and who was married to a little piece of ground whose owner cultivated the same instead of tramping woods.

"I wondered if Pierre had a arrow under his red blouse for the groom. He stood as silent as a post and watched those pretty feet and sailor trousers dance.

"The Acadian dance is something like a Scotch reel. The dancers stand four facing four, they balance and take various steps, and then one behind the other run the reel.

"The long twilight passed by and it was night while the dancing went on, but no one covered that window out side of which Pierre stood. I don't think anybody felt for the halfbreed as I did, though I was a child. The people in the house hoped his Acadian blood would restrain his wild blood and that he would do no damage of any kind. The bride gave him a pleasant nod or two which must have made the Micmac growl in his breast, and the groom finally went out with other young men and tried to bring him in.

"I remember I felt ashamed for him. It seemed as if his Acadian nature held his shyness in check. He was submissive, like his father's people all the time that his mother's race was raging in him and gnashing for revenge. He was set looking at Cape Blomidon and Shubenacadie, and spots not too remote from the sheltered basin of their fathers.

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